

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, - - - Editor and Proprietor.
T. R. WALTON, - - - Business Manager.

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The Lost Babies.

Come, my wife, lay down the child,
Lay your glasses on the book;
Both of us are lost and aged,
Backward mother, let us look
This is still the same old homestead
With the old log cabin.
When the hair was bright with sunshine
That is now the winter's snow,
Let us sit about the babies,
As we all here sit alone,
Such a merry troop of youngsters;
How we lost them, only one.
Jack, the first of all the party;
Time to see Winter's night;
Jack, you old, should be the person,
Long before he saw the light,
Do you see that great cathedral,
Filled from transept to the nave;
Over the organ, grandly pealing,
Watch the silken hanging wave;
See the priest, in robes of office,
With the altar at his back,
Would you think that gifted preacher
Could be our little Jack?

Then a girl, with early tresses,
Used to fill up upon my knee,
Like a little fairy princess,
Holding at the age of three.
With the years there came a wedding—
How your fond heartswaited with pride
When the lord of all the country
Came to you for his bride;
With the years came many a change coming,
And that fine, reclining there—
Would you think that stately lady
Could be our own little Clare?

Then the last, a blue eyed youngster—
I can hear him prattling now—
Such a little boy, and such a brow,
How he used to love his mother;
All I see your trembling lip,
He is off on the water,
Captain of a royal ship,
See the leaves upon his forehead,
Hear the voice of stern command—
That's the boy who clings so fondly
To his mother's gentle hand.

Ah! my wife, we've lost our babies,
Gone to sleep and one alone;
What are we to these great people,
Nasty men and women grown?
Saddo do we ever see them
You, bitter tears-drop starts,
And we sit here in the bright,
Lonely heart and lonely hearts.
All their lives are full without us,
They'll stop long enough one day,
Just to lay us in the church-yard,
Then they'll each go on their way.

House Cleaning.
The carpet took trembles all over with glee,
And the wash-bucket's jingoes and gay,
To think what's—of a time there will be
"Twist now and the first of May."
—New York Dispatch.

Blow Out Them Candles.
In years ago, when the tall
candle was the brightest light in the
richest farm house of the land, an old
chap, living over in Jersey, got word
one day that a New Yorker was coming
out to see his farm, with a view of
purchasing. The whole family donned
their Sunday best, and as evening
came the anxious farmer looked down
the road and said to his wife:
"There he comes, Sally, you'll bet
ter light three candles."

He took another look and suggested
that she light two more dips, so as
to give the house a cheerful appearance,
and took his station at the gate
to welcome the expected purchaser.

Five candles illuminated the old farm-
house as the traveler drove up in a
buggy. The farmer took one long
squint at him through the gloom, and
then hurried into the house shouting
out:

"Sally! Sally! Blow out four of
them candles quicker's seat, for it's
nothing but a bald headed circuit rider."
—[Wall-street News.]

Ob, no, my son, that dignified gentleman
who looks down upon you with
such majestic complacency, who pos-
sesses the grace of Apollo Belvidere,
the proud front of Jove and the equi-
animity of the munificient rebusus of
Rameses the First—that sublime per-
sonage, my son, is not an Emperor,
King, Prince or President of some
powerful nation, neither is he the owner
of countless millions, nor the laud-
lord of this caravanary. He is far
above all thrones, dominations, prin-
ciples, virtues, powers. He is mightiest
in the mightiest. Look at him,
my son, and tremble. Behold the
head walter, and shrink into nothing-
ness before his transcendent grandeur
and—cheek.—[Boston Transcript.]

Hon. M. H. Owlesley, of Lancaster,
is spending a few days in this city.
He has been frequently and promi-
nently mentioned in connection with
the democratic gubernatorial nomina-
tion for 1883, and we understand he
has determined to become a candi-
date. As Circuit Judge of his dis-
trict for the past eight years, Judge
Owlesley has made himself a fine
reputation. He is a pleasant gentle-
man, a true democrat, and as a candi-
date for governor, will receive a hearty
support from democrats in all parts of
the State.—[Frankfort Yeoman.]

Couldn't keep the run? A leading
citizen of Dallas, one of the most in-
telligent property-owners in the town,
was reading a newspaper in the Texas
Sittings office yesterday, when he came
across the paragraph, "The admission
of Dakota is a foregone conclusion at
Washington," whereupon he said: "I
can't keep up with the run of the
Washington scandals, there are so
many of them. What did Dakota
admit?"

Jumbo's first refreshments on Amer-
ican soil were whisky and onions, and
John Kelly, wandering in the vicinity
of the cage, exclaimed—"The boys are
in a caucus!"

A purifier of the blood, Ayer's Sar-
apilla has no equal. It wonderfully im-
proves the complexion, and brings to old
and young the bloom of health.

Saturday Night.
While life lasts, years, months,
weeks and days come alike to all.
This great big planet, with its moun-
tains, hills and valleys, continues to
revolve in the immensity of space,
performing its usual revolutions.

Time moves on. We can not, as
did Josiah of old, compel the sun to
stop still, even for an instant. The
golden moments—life's most precious
treasures, so precious that only one is
given to us at a time—are fast pass-
ing away.

The tireless hands of the great town
clock in its high tower indicate with
unerring certainty the fleetness of
time. We note their position on the
broad, white dial-plate, and say we
will be here or there in business or
pleasure, at a certain time, to perform
some deed or fulfill some promise.
We build castles and fill them with
beauties which satisfy our immortal
longings for the time being, but when
we approach them, like the mirage of
the desert, they have disappeared,
leaving us to build and furnish an-
other. And so the world goes on from
year to year, until the last day is
reached and life's labors and pleasures
are over. Each locality—each heart
—has had its sensation. Perhaps it
may have been a love affair, perhaps
an entanglement in the meshes of the
law; perhaps a long look for wedding,
a birth, a death, or the saddest of all,
the ruin of some poor, misguided soul.
The comedy of life is the better part
of it all. The good and true and
virtuous of the world are surely entitled
to as much of its pleasantness as those
who are steeped in the mire and slime
of dissipation and sin, and it is well to
make the most and best of the days
that are ours.

But the play will soon be finished,
the curtain rung down, and the lights
extinguished on this great drama
which we call life, and all should
qualify themselves for their part in the
great final tragedy of death.

Vengeance Upon a Mule.
Old Silas was a very revengeful
man. Now, Silas owned a mule, and
one day the mule raised his hind legs
and smote Silas, whereupon the old
man sat upon the barn floor and wept.
Sudden he smiled, and seizing a
grain sack he filled it with sand and
stones, and tied a leather apron
around it. Then he hung it down
from a beam right behind the mule.
A shudder passed over the animal, but
he nervously pulled at the sack, and
then struck him with surprise, not only
once, but two or three times. The
mule was astonished, shocked! He
wasn't used to being kicked back.
Old Silas laughed until tears ran
down his cheeks. The mule kicked
again and the bag kicked back. They
kept up the contest all day, and to-
wards evening the mule showed signs
of weakening, but old Silas was not
satisfied yet. He went to bed, and
during the night he heard the mule
braying for mercy, but his heart was
hardened. When he went to the
stable in the morning the sand bag
was as fresh as ever, but the mule had
lain down in despair and was dead—
died of a broken heart.

The Gift Dodge.—A woman was
buying tea at a place in Washington,
where, on certain days, diamonds,
rings and money are given away as
prizes in a certain number of packages
sold. The other day a lady stepped
forward and invested her dollar. "I'll
give you \$5 for your package before
opening," said the clerk. She declined.
It was opened. There were only fifteen cents
in it. She bought another package,
the same offer made and declined.
There were only fifteen cents
in that one. She bought a third
package. "I'll give you \$5." She
hesitated, then consented. It was opened
and found to contain \$500 in gold
pieces. This attracted attention, and
the buying of \$1 packages became
very brisk. A gentleman followed
the lady to her hotel and asked her
name. Mrs. —, said the clerk. It
was the wife of the proprietor of the
tea store.

The Fastest Ocean Tug.—The
steamship Alaska, of the Guion Line,
now stands at the head of the list of
fast ocean vessels. The recent trip
across the Atlantic was accomplished
in 7 days 6 hours and 43 minutes ac-
tual time. She sailed from New York
on March 21 and passed Fastnet at
5:20 P. M. on the 28th. The fastest
voyage which has been made previous
to this was by the famous Arizona, also
of the Guion Line, which crossed the
Atlantic in 7 hours 7 days and 48
minutes. The weather is not reported
to have been unusually fine.

Archery for Firemen.—A num-
ber of herald experiments were tried in Wash-
ington lately by General Meigs, to
test the utility of bows and arrows for
carrying life lines for fire escapes. He
found that an arrow carrying a ball of
twine could be shot with considerable
accuracy to a height of eighty feet.
The twine was strong enough to lift a
rope ladder to the windows of a roof
of a lofty building.

Barnes, the Kentucky evangelist,
accepted a purse of \$800 for his highly
successful revival work in the village
of Paris. This fact is being used
against him, on the ground that he
professes utter disinterestedness. He
represents that the money will be devoted
to the education of his daughter.—[New
Haven Register.]

The latest horicultural work—
The Art of Throwing Out Fruit.
By J. Frost.

As a purifier of the blood, Ayer's Sar-
apilla has no equal. It wonderfully im-
proves the complexion, and brings to old
and young the bloom of health.

Newspaper Borrowers.

An exchange recently published a
letter from a lady subscriber, in which
she complained bitterly of the annoy-
ance who experienced from the habit
of her female neighbors had of constantly
borrowing her papers. The ex-
change offers the suffering paper, and others similarly situated, an adequate
means of succor. Here is the plan: Let the lady, immediately upon re-
ceiving the paper, carefully cut from it
some item—most any item will do,
only let it be neatly and carefully re-
moved from the paper. Then the following
procedure will be sure to ensue: In a few moments the neighbor's boy will come after the paper—he will take it home—within three minutes he will emerge from the house and scold down the street and very often return with a folded newspaper of the same date as the one just bor-
rowed. By the time the clipped paper has circled around among the female borrowers, the streets will be live with hurrying boys, and the revenue of the paper will be materially increased. Not one woman among them would be able to sleep a wink without knowing just exactly what that cut-out item was. The next day the lady must pursue the same course, and similar results will surely follow. In an extremely obstinate neighbor these proceedings have to be re-
peated three or four days, but no longer. By that time the lady will be able to read her paper in peace, and the newspaper's finances will be the gainer through several new sub-
scribers. This rule is infallible where the borrowers are females, but it can be vouchsafed for in the case of men. There isn't that inherent curiosity to work upon, you know, and—and—but perhaps we are getting a little too deep.

Kiss Your Wives.—Bro. Barnes, in one of his last sermons here said that mean husbands were too common, and could be found everywhere. He spoke of the power of kindness, and said there were probably men under the sound of his voice who had not kissed their wives for five years. And those wives who are now faded women, years ago were blooming girls, to whom these now neglectful husbands had given down on their "marrow bones," vowing they would not live without, and pledging eternal love and fidelity. These women were now starving for the love on which they fed in the first years of wedlock. "Go home," ex-
claimed Mr. Barnes, "throw your arms around the old woman's neck, and surprise her with a rousing smack, and see how much good will result from it. We cannot, of course, say whether or not Mr. B.'s advice was taken, but had we been a Benedict we could not have resisted it.—[True Kentucky.]

Romances By The James Gang.—
The bank and train robberies com-
mitted by the James gang are as follows: Columbia, Ky., \$15,000; Rus-
sellville, \$20,000; Huntington, W. Va., \$19,000; Liberty, Mo., \$12,000;
Corydon, Iowa, \$9,000; St. Genevieve, Mo., \$17,000; Corinth, Miss., \$9,000;
Jewell at Corinth, \$5,000; Gads-
Hill, \$20,000; Monroe, \$20,000; Big
Spring, gold, \$50,000. Total, \$206,000. This does not include stage and
other robberies which are estimated at
over \$50,000.

The Wise Editor.—A western ed-
itor offers a prize of \$50 and a year's
subscription for the best written pro-
posal of marriage from a lady. He
picked out a nice proposal from a
beautiful and wealthy widow, and
offered it, accepting the proposal, and with
the threat of breach of promise suit,
actually captured her. Editors may
not acquire wealth by writing twenty-
three hours a day, but when their
genius takes the right shot, they
cure the pernicious.—[Boomerang.]

An Irishman applied to an overseer
of a ship-yard to be put on a job. He
was informed that his request could
not be complied with; but, as Pat
continued to gaze at an anchor which
was lying in the vicinity, the foreman
repeated his reply that there was no
work for him, and advised him to go
away. "Divil the bit will I stir, sor-
till I see the man that's going to use
that pick!"

A story is told of a Jew of Tew-
sby, in 1820, who fell into a well on
Saturday—the Jewish Sabbath. Out
of reverence for the day he would not
suffer himself to be drawn out. The
Earl of Glanton, on whose land the
well was, would not allow him to be
taken out the next day out of respect
for Sunday, and before Monday came
to the rescue.

Gentlemen of the jury," said a
blundering counsel, in a suit about a
lot of hogs, "there were just thirty-
six in the drove. Please remember
the fact—thirty-six hogs; just three
times as many as in that jury box,
gentlemen." That counsel didn't gain
his case.

Young man, if you had one and two-
thirds tons of gold coin, you would be
worth just a million dollars. Every
little piece of gold you get hold of
throw into the junk pile until you ac-
cumulate that weight. You can then
sell it and become a rich man.—[New
Haven Register.]

There are people who will buy any
thing on sight if they can be allowed
to pay for it on time.—[New Orleans
Picayune.]

The latest horicultural work—
The Art of Throwing Out Fruit.
By J. Frost.

As a purifier of the blood, Ayer's Sar-
apilla has no equal. It wonderfully im-
proves the complexion, and brings to old
and young the bloom of health.

A Chance for a Bargain.

—I wish to sell my tract of Knob Land—

CONTAINING 100 ACRES!

Located about 4 miles South of Stanford, and
having an old "Poor House Farm." It has on it
two houses, one building, covered by a porch, in
which a small family live; five cattle, including a
colt; spring near the building; many of good young
Apple Trees; a cedar trail, many of which are now
poplar, ash, chestnut, &c.

J. REIN.

Stanford, Ky., February 17, 1882.

Stanford Female College.

STANFORD, KY.

With a Full Corps of Teachers,

This institution opened its Twelfth Session on
the 2d Monday in September last.

ALL THE BRANCHES OF A THOROUGH ENGLISH COURSE

Are taught, as well as
MUSIC, THE LANGUAGES, DRAW-
ING AND PAINTING.

TERMS MODERATE.

In Tuition, prices range from \$25 to \$50 in the
regular Departments. Primary, \$25; Intermediate
\$30; Preparatory, \$40; and Collegiate, \$50.

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MRS. S. C. TRUEHEART, Principal
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WINDOW GLASS AND PUTTY.

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical Purposes. Prescrip-
tions accurately compounded. We have also a large

and well selected stock of Watches and Jewelry, which
we propose to sell at less than city prices. Watches and

Jewelry Repaired and Warranted.

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Liquors, &c. Physicians' Prescriptions and Phar-
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SPRING OPENING!

JUST OPENED!
FINE STOCK OF
BRAND-NEW GOODS!
CONSISTING OF
DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
BOOTS, SHOES,
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS!
ALSO
A NICE LINE OF CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS AND TRUNKS.
I am opening daily a Full Line of the Best Goods

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

STANFORD, KY.
Tuesday Morning, - April 18, 1882

W. P. WALTON, - - - - - EDITOR

The Senate very promptly, and perhaps justly, refused to confirm Gov. Blackburn's pet railroad commission, McCheyne, Boyd and Thompson, and that put the old man to the trouble of making other nominations. On the second labor, W. M. Beckner, of Clark, D. Howard Smith, of Henry, and W. B. Machen, of Lynn, were brought forth, and the nominations were received by the grave and reverend Senators with undignified applause. With one exception, the now team is a decided improvement on the one rejected. Col. Smith was Auditor of the State for two terms, and is a man of rare good sense; Judge Beckner is editor of the Winchester *Democrat* and a lawyer of ability, while Mr. Machen has served a short term in the United States Senate. They are all men of sense and liberal views, and will likely fill the positions with credit. The salary is \$2,000 per year and expenses.

We learn from good authority that Capt. Tom Henry, democratic candidate for Appellate Clerk, is preparing a statement for the public, which, while admitting that he unconsciously took more whisky than necessary during his late visit to Louisville, will be backed by affidavits that he did not make himself the beast that has been charged, and at no time behaved himself in an ungentlemanly or obscene manner. We sincerely trust that he may be able to put a better aspect upon the whole matter, and are, therefore, willing to suspend judgment until he does.

The Republicans in the Legislature have presented the energetic and capable correspondent of the Louisville *Commercial* with a handsome gold watch. The name of the young gentleman is Mr. Joseph Eakin, and he is the same who came near having his back broken by the irate Governor because he dared to intimate that there was something dark about the pardoning business. Mr. Eakin has showed more spirit than any of the Frankfort correspondents, and is highly deserving of all the honors that returned in Lincoln.

JOHN D. WHITE's eloquence is not appreciated as much in the House of Representatives as it is in the mountainous counties of Clay, Knox and others. He prepared with great care a speech on the tariff question Friday, John D. White referred to Col. Galt Wharton as officially corrupt, and that gentleman has gone hence to make him eat his words or fight. They say, however, that John D. is as brave a lad as ever was, at least he waded into Speaker Bigger, like a gallant warrior, notwithstanding the gallant man was twice his age.

The Committee appointed on the Capital removal question report in favor of removal and recommend Louisville first, Lexington second. The former's bid is \$1,000,000, and Lexington on Saturday agreed to give \$500,000. Two of the Committee made a minority report in favor of letting the Capital remain where it is.

EX-PRESIDENT HAYES has opened his little heart and contributed the vast sum of \$250 to the Garfield memorial fund. Considering that he drew \$200,000 to which he was never entitled, besides numerous and sundry perquisites, he could have afforded a much larger sum.

LEGISLATIVE.

The Senate has passed the House bill authorizing Lincoln county to appropriate money to build turnpikes.

Both bodies adjourned on Friday after adopting appropriate resolutions on the death of Hon. Paul J. Doneghey.

On a reconsideration of the bill to take the sense of the people next August as to whether liquors as a beverage shall be manufactured in this State, the Senate rejected it 10 to 17.

Under the Superior Court bill the State is divided into three districts, from each of which a Judge is to be elected at a salary of \$3,500 per year. This will be known as the Second District, and will be composed of the counties of Monroe, Cumberland, Metcalfe, Russell, Adair, Green, Taylor, Casey, Larue, Lincoln, Clinton, Wayne, Pulaski, Rockcastle, Boyle, Marion, Garrard, Madison, Washington, Nelson, Mercer, Jessamine, Bullitt, Spencer, Jefferson, Shelby, Henry, Franklin, Anderson, Oldham, Trimble, Carroll, Woodford, Jackson, Knox, Laurel and Whitley.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

Number of business failures last week 122.

The Ohio Republican State Convention is to be held on the 7th of June.

A grand special excursion from Richmond, Va., to Louisville is advertised for May 12.

Eliza P. Hudnut, a soldier of the war of 1812, died at Mayaville on the 14th, aged 82.

For the second time in two years the Cincinnati Cooperage Company is burned out. Loss, \$110,000.

Commonwealth's Attorney Robertson is announced as a candidate for Congress in Proctor Knott's district.

Fargo, Dakota, has suffered \$100,000 to the flood in the Red River of the North, and mud is left knee-deep all over the city.

The Republican caucus, at Mayaville, recently induced Col. R. T. Jacob, and recommended the faithful to vote for him.

The Court of Claims in Clark County has fixed the rate of taxes for county purposes for this year at 80 cts on the dollar.

The town council of Franklin has declared it an indictable offence to sell anything in that place on Sunday except medicine.

There is some consolation in being deaf. The editor of the Danville *Tribune* says: Dr. Luke P. Blackburn may curse us like Hades, if he wants to do so—we can't hear him any way!

THE Catlettsburg *Democrat* is of the opinion that Governor Blackburn's statement of what he said about us does not help the matter at all, and that's the opinion of every man who is not blinded by his faith in the great tycoon. The Legislature has as yet taken no action in the matter, and judging from the character of a majority of the body, is not likely to do so. They are afraid of displeasing the Governor, whereas it is due to him, to the people and to us that an investigation should be had. It should not go uncontested that the Governor of Kentucky ever, if he is a pitiful old imbecile, has offered a reward for the killing of a citizen whose only crime has been to criticize his acts; but we can stand it if he can. The press and the people are with us in the matter, while he is left in a most unenviable attitude.

CAPT. HOWGATE, who was in jail at Washington for embezzling over a hundred thousand dollars from the government was allowed to take a walk on the streets each day in the custody of a bailiff. This worked all right for awhile, but on Friday last he gave his guard the dodge, and now this hightoned thief is enjoying himself outside the borders of the country whose treasury he has robbed. It strikes us that the jailer should be made to suffer the severest penalty of the law; in the first place, for making such a distinction among his prisoners, and in the second, for allowing this man to escape. Of course it was a put up job.

THE Midway *Clipper*, from which we got the information that the Sheriff of Woodford county had returned 3,600 delinquents, asks us to correct the statement, since it was misinformed in the first mention. The correct number is 1,539—456 white and 1,083 colored. The *Clipper* thinks this is doing well, but hero we would soon get rid of a Sheriff that could do no better.

At Sedalia, a number of persons who were in the same division with Jesse James, when he was a soldier in the regular Confederate service, have started a subscription for his widow and children. Over two hundred and fifty dollars have already been raised.

The local papers of Richmond, Va., are endeavoring to get up a grand Centennial Celebration of her corporate existence on the 3rd day of July next. Capt. John Smith discovered the site in 1609, but it was not laid off as a town till 1733. It became such in 1842 and in 1782, and was declared a city.

—Guiteau is out in another card. "Had (his relatives) all died," he says, "twenty-five years ago, it would have been a God-send to me." He charges Scoville with a desire to get control of his (Guiteau's) book, and says he has already paid Scoville \$275, which is more than his alleged services are worth.

—Captain H. Howgate, in jail for embezzlement, escaped from his guard Friday afternoon, while visiting his home. He asked permission to go home for a few hours to see his daughter just returned from Vassar College. A guard was sent with him. In some way the baillif lost sight of the prisoner, and the latter escaped.

—The rewards given to Sergeant Mann for not doing his duty are multiplying fast. It is now announced that not only is he to have \$1,500 a year as a Chicago clerk, but his wife has been offered \$125 a month as a saleswoman in the same city. So much for his shooting at a prisoner whom he was trusted to guard against being shot.

—The great dry goods firm of A. T. Stewart & Co., New York, has decided to close out and quit the business. Since Mr. Stewart's death in 1876, Judge Hilton has been the representative of his widow, she having for \$1,000,000 and other valuable considerations, assigned all her interests. The business of the firm at one time was immense, and in three years amounted to \$200,000,000. In 1864 the income was four million.

—The members of the Louisiana delegation estimate the loss to the cotton crop of the recent overflow, at not less than 20 per cent, and the total loss to the State in crops, live stock, animals, fences, &c., at fully \$50,000,000. It is supposed that 60 per cent. of the cane planted for sugar is absolutely destroyed. The sugar fields inundated by the flood are a total loss, and the cane will have to be entirely replanted. It will take two years to renew the crop.

—A sealing steamer has arrived at Newfoundland with 24,000 seals, and the catch of the whole fleet of Labrador is reported as great as 136,000.

—Two negroes, Henry Ivy and Slim Acopp, were taken from jail at Selma, Ala., Friday, and hung by a mob, for the murder of J. B. Weisger.

—The next annual meeting of the Kentucky Miller's Association will be held in Louisville, on Thursday, May 4, at the Board of Trade rooms.

—The U. S. House Committee on Education and Labor has favorably considered the bill appropriating \$10,000,000 for general educational purposes.

—Confederate rebels are going up again. A broker at Atlanta, Ga., has an order from Frankfort-on-the-Main to buy \$4,000,000 worth, and the price has advanced from \$1 per \$1,000 to \$3.

—The report of the Treasurer of the National Land League, in session at Washington, shows receipts of \$180,520; total amount sent to Ireland, both direct and from the Treasurer, \$272,10.

—The Virginia Senate has refused to pass the Reapportionment Bill, passed by the House. If the bill had passed the Re-adjusters would have had eight of the ten Congressional Districts in the State.

—The President informs Gen. Fitz Jno. Porter that he has no power to relieve him of the disabilities imposed by a Court Martial. The best he can do is to pardon him if he confesses guilt, which of course Porter will never do.

—The Midway Orphan School Trustees have adopted the plan, drafted by Architect McMurtry, for a new \$100,000 building. There are to be 350 rooms, the edifice to be four stories, and surrounded by an imposing observatory.

—The respective Chairmen of the Executive Committees of the two wings of the democratic party have issued a joint call for a State Convention of the party in this city, June 19th, to nominate a candidate for Governor of Tennessee.

—The House Committee on Elections Saturday, decided, 7 to 4, that Jesus J. Finley (Dem.), the sitting member, was not elected from the Second District of Florida, and that Horatio Blaize, Jr. (Rep.), is entitled to the seat.

—At Sedalia, a number of persons who were in the same division with Jesse James, when he was a soldier in the regular Confederate service, have started a subscription for his widow and children. Over two hundred and fifty dollars have already been raised.

—The local papers of Richmond, Va., are endeavoring to get up a grand Centennial Celebration of her corporate existence on the 3rd day of July next. Capt. John Smith discovered the site in 1609, but it was not laid off as a town till 1733. It became such in 1842 and in 1782, and was declared a city.

—Guiteau is out in another card. "Had (his relatives) all died," he says, "twenty-five years ago, it would have been a God-send to me." He charges Scoville with a desire to get control of his (Guiteau's) book, and says he has already paid Scoville \$275, which is more than his alleged services are worth.

—Captain H. Howgate, in jail for embezzlement, escaped from his guard Friday afternoon, while visiting his home. He asked permission to go home for a few hours to see his daughter just returned from Vassar College. A guard was sent with him. In some way the baillif lost sight of the prisoner, and the latter escaped.

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—The members of the Louisiana delegation estimate the loss to the cotton crop of the recent overflow, at not less than 20 per cent, and the total loss to the State in crops, live stock, animals, fences, &c., at fully \$50,000,000. It is supposed that 60 per cent. of the cane planted for sugar is absolutely destroyed. The sugar fields inundated by the flood are a total loss, and the cane will have to be entirely replanted. It will take two years to renew the crop.

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STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, - April 18, 1882

Gwendolen and Oscar.

"Do not sing him, papa."

Gwendolen Mahaffy said these words quickly, and with an earnestness that showed how her whole heart was wrapped up in the young man in whose behalf they were spoken. It was a beautiful evening in June—rosy-cheeked June—month of flowers and song and gay bills. The sun, that golden-brown monarch of the skies, had sunk to rest beneath a great bank of snowy-topped clouds that were piled athwart the western sky, and the few roseate gleams of swiftly-flying light that still shone up from beneath the horizon only served to intensify, if possible, the ruddy glory of departing day. At the Castle Mahaffy no sound broke the 7:45 o'clock silence save the occasional note of a cricket beneath the flagstones and the low twittering of the swallows as they nestled beneath the eaves and chirped to each other a sleepy good night.

Oscar Redingote was Adelbert Mahaffy's adopted son. Years ago, when Gwendolen was but a baby and the proud father had gone out one evening for another bucket of soothing syrup to keep her from howling the roof of the house off, he had found Oscar, then a boy of seven, trying to rob a blind man. He had taken the little waif home, brought him up as his own child, and now, at five-and-twenty, Oscar was on the Board of trade. He had resumed the old business.

During all these years that Gwendolen and Oscar had been growing up together there had risen in their hearts a passionate love, almost wicked in its intensity, and not two months ago they had plighted their troth and sealed their vows with a large tooth-starting kiss that made Gwendolen clutch herself for all she had been missing. It was the awful of this second compact that had caused grim-visaged old Mr. Mahaffy to rear his horrid front and declare that it should never be—that sooner than see his daughter wedded to one whose pedigree no man knew, he would fire the trusted lover over the picket fence. He would have followed his harsh words with a blow, but Gwendolen had stopped him by saying, in the coldly-calm tone with which she would express her anger, the words with which this chapter opens.

"No, papa," she said, when the violence of the old man's wrath had in some measure abated, "you must not strike Oscar, for in a few short months I shall be his wife."

"Doest thou know what thou art saying, child?" said the old man—"what thou art doing?"

"Yes," replied the girl, "I know all about it. I know that I love Oscar tenderly, deeply, devotedly; that without the sunshine of his smile my life would be as dreary and desolate as a casket after I have toyed with its contents. I know that in the Fall, when the leaves are turning brown and heavy flannels are being fished up from the bottoms of trunks, I am to be married to Oscar—to place my pure, young heart in the keeping of one who has promised to cherish and guard my happiness and invest my life with the halo of a love as sacred as it is true, until the silent messenger of death shall part us forever with his icy and invisible hand"—and with these words the fair young girl placed her arms around Oscar's neck, and let her head, with its mass of sunnily-gold hair, fall trustfully on his shoulder.

"So you have given this young man your heart, my lass?" said the old man, in cold, sneering tones.

"Yes, father, I have," was Gwendolen's reply, "and I shall never repeat my action."

"You had much better," said her father, while a baleful light shot from his eyes, "have kept your heart and given him your liver, for it's little need you'll have for the latter, if you depend upon him for food to keep it going," and with a demon-like laugh, he started over to get full. * * *

Two Summers have come and gone. Gwendolen, a look of happy contentment in her face, sits in a tapestry room of the Castle Mahaffy singing a mother-song to a babe, whose big blue eyes wander wonderingly around the apartment, and whose chubby little hands tug heartily at the sides of the cradle in which it is lying. Presently Oscar comes into the room and kisses Gwendolen.

"Do you know, dear, that it is two years to day since we were married?"

"Yes, sweetie," is the reply.

"And do you remember what your father said that evening when he first heard of our engagement?"

"Yes, darling."

"We have been living with him ever since our marriage, have we not?"

"Yes, my love?"

"The old man has a great head, Gwendolen," said Oscar. "He sized me up exactly. He is getting old now and we must never leave him."

"You bet we musn't!" was Gwendolen's reply, "if we want anything to eat."—[Chicago Tribune.]

Short rations did not enervate the heroes of the Revolution much. On the 10th of August, 1778, the American officers at West Point were weighed, with the following result: Gen. Washington, 200 pounds; Gen. Lincoln, 224; Gen. Knox, 280; Gen. Huntington, 182; Gen. Greaton, 166; Col. Swift, 319; Col. Michael Jackson, 262; Col. Henry Jackson, 238; Lieut. Col. Huntington, 212; Lieut. Col. Cobb, 182; Lieut. Col. Humphreys, 221 pounds.

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A Mississippi Pilot's Story.

The passenger, who was going down the big river for the first time in his life, secured permission to climb up beside the pilot, a grim old grayback who never told a lie in his life.

"Many alligators in the river?" inquired the stranger, after a look around.

"Not so many now, since they got to shooting them for their hide and tallow," was the reply.

"Used to be lots, eh?"

"I don't want to tell you about 'em strangers," replied the pilot, sighing heavily.

"Why?"

"Cause you'd think I was lying to you, and that's somethin' I never do. I can eat at keers, drink mean whiskey, or chew poor tobacco, but I can't lie."

"Then there used to be lots of 'em?" inquired the passenger.

"I'm most afraid to tell you, mister, but I've counted 'em—hundred alligators to the mile from Vicksburg all down to New Orleans. That was years ago, before a shot was ever fired at 'em."

"Well I don't doubt it," replied the stranger.

"And I've counted 3,659 of them on a sand bar," continued the pilot. "It looks big to tell, but a government surveyor was aboard, and he checked them off as I called them."

"I haven't the least doubt of it," said the passenger, as he heaved a sigh.

"I'm glad that, stranger, some fellers would think I'm a liar when I'm telling the solemn truth. This used to be a paradise for alligators, and they were so thick that the wheels of the boat killed an average of forty-nine a mile."

"Is that so?"

"True as gospel, mister! I used to almost feel sorry for the cussed brutes, 'cause they'd cry out 'e'en most like a human being. We killed lots of 'em as I said, and we hurt a pile more. I sailed with one captain who always carried a thousand bottles of liniment along to throw over to the wounded ones."

"He did?"

"True as you live, he did. I don't expect I'll ever see another such kind, horrid front and declare that it should never be—that sooner than see his daughter wedded to one whose pedigree no man knew, he would fire the trusted lover over the picket fence. He would have followed his harsh words with a blow, but Gwendolen had stopped him by saying, in the coldly-calm tone with which she would express her anger, the words with which this chapter opens.

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Toughness of the Egg-shells of an Arctic Bird.

Mr. H. W. Elliott, in his "Monograph of the Sea Islands of Alaska," says that the thick-billed guillemot is the only egg bird that has the slight economic value to man on the Pribilof Islands, where it is locally known as the "arie." From its harsh cry of "arr-arr," the bird is the counterpart of our ordinary barnyard duck, but it cannot walk or even waddle as the domestic swimmer does. It lays a single egg, large and very fancifully colored, and the most palatable of all the varieties found on the islands, and hence much sought after by the natives. A large proportion of the eggs become so dirty by rolling here and there in the guano, while the birds tread and fight over them, that they are almost unrecognizable. The egg is said to be of date or revisions had to be made, as is the case among ourselves, or else to be almost unrecognizable. The egg is said to be of date or revisions had to be made, as is the case among ourselves, or else to be almost unrecognizable.

"I was struck," says Mr. Elliott, "by the happy adaptation of nature to their rough nesting; it is found in the toughness of the shell of the egg—so tough that the natives, when gathering them, throw them, as farmers do apples, into their tubs and baskets, on the cliffs, and then carry them down to the general heap or collection near the boat's landing, where they pour them out upon the rocks with a single blow."

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